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# LIFE



Butterflies

John C. Green

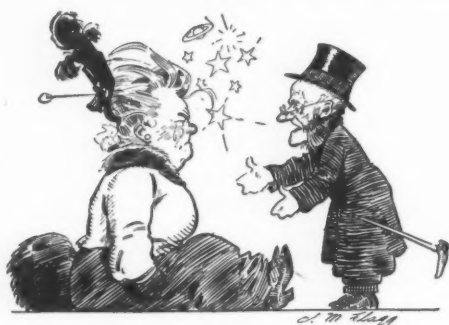
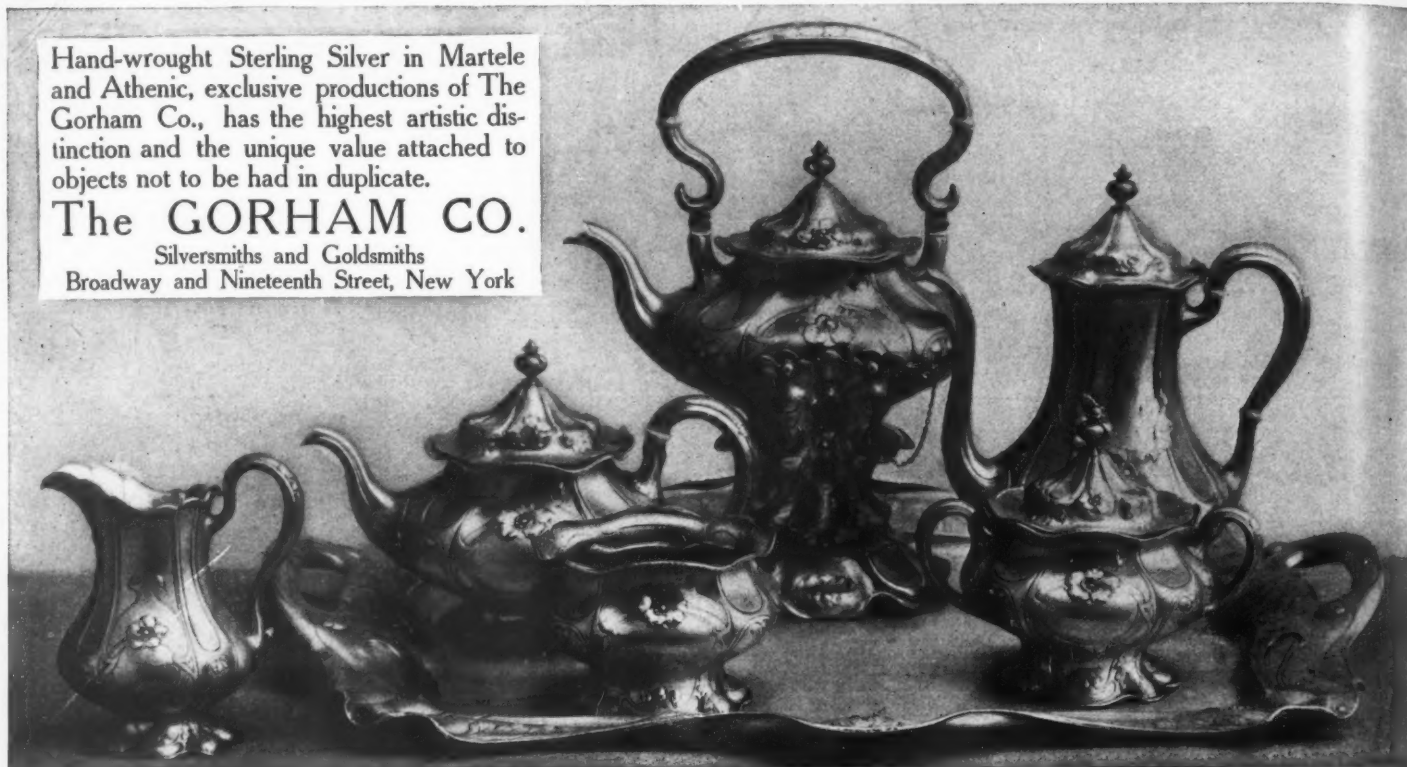
New York

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## Was It Arson or Assault?

HE was not a large man, but he had the most elaborate and ambitious set of whiskers that had been seen on Broadway in many a day. They were thick and curly, and afforded a complete ambush behind which the proud proprietor remained in hiding, and thus absolutely concealed his real appearance and his hopes.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the man in front of him stopped to light a cigar. He drew from his pocket a small box containing matches of the sort that defy wind, rain, hail, and lightning once they are ignited. Nothing can extinguish them after they start to burn until the fire consumes all of the chemicals on the end of the tiny stick. And these chemicals are so liberally applied by the manufacturers that each match resembles a tiny gong-beater.

The man lighted his cigar and then threw the fusee away. As he threw it, the other man, he of the luxuriant whiskers, passed. The flaming torch, resembling a young comet and prepared to deal destruction as it traveled, landed in the wilderness of hair behind which the other man was concealed.

The whiskers caught fire and began burning fiercely. Fanned by the strong wind, the conflagration spread rapidly in spite of the fact that the owner of the beard was pawing at his

face with both hands, and was yelling as only a man can yell whose property is on fire when he knows that he is carrying no insurance.

The burning man danced and howled while the cause of the trouble looked on in amazement. The air was filled with the odor of singed hair, and a crowd collected under the belief that there was a fire in a mattress factory in the vicinity. A policeman ran up and elbowed his way through the crowd.

In the meantime the fire had been extinguished. But the beautiful whiskers had become history, and only smoking ruins marked their former site.

The disfigured man, certain that he was out of danger of death, attacked the man who had thrown the match. The other prepared to defend himself, the policeman interfered, and both men were dragged to the police station.

There the matter was explained to the sergeant.

"I demand that you lock that man up," said the man whose whiskers had been burned.

"On what charge?" asked the sergeant. "He has apparently set your face spinach on fire. Do you want to accuse him of assault or arson?"

"I refuse to be arrested," said the other man. "Whiskers are not property. This guy will look better without hair on his face. His whiskers were foolish, anyway. He ought to give me a reward for burning 'em."

"Not property?" yelled the other. "Why aren't they property? Didn't I grow 'em? Why, I have spent eighteen years raising that beard, and now this man sets me on fire and I look like a singed cat. I will sue him for damages."

"See here," said the sergeant, "you better compromise this affair. If you sue for damages you will have to appear in court with the ruins of your wind-teasers marked 'Exhibit A.' Better get a smooth shave and let your wife see what you really look like."

"But who will pay for the shave?" asked the man as he rubbed his fingers over his face.

"I will," said the firebug. "I guess I am responsible to that extent. Anyway, I will hire a barber to run a lawn-mower over your face in order to satisfy my curiosity as to the personal appearance of a man who wants to hide himself from the view of his neighbors."

As they departed in search of a barber shop the sergeant remarked to himself:

"I don't think the man was guilty of either assault or arson. I think the proper charge was mayhem."—*Collier's Weekly*.

**WHAT** are the probabilities for to-morrow?

"That the weatherman will again be wrong."  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

# THE SARATOGA RACES

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Meeting Begins Monday, August 1st, and Ends Thursday, August 25th

## ORDER OF FIXED EVENTS—1904

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 2d**  
THE MOHAWK, 3-year-olds

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3d**  
THE SPINAWAY, fillies 2 years old

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 4th**  
THE ALABAMA, fillies 3 years old

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th**  
OVERNIGHT EVENTS

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th**  
THE SARATOGA SPECIAL, 2-year-olds  
THE BEVERWYCK, 4-year-olds and upward  
THE GREAT REPUBLIC, 3-year-olds and upward

**MONDAY, AUGUST 8th**  
THE CATSKILL, 3-year-olds and upward

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th**  
THE TRAVERS, 3-year-olds

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th**  
THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, 2-year-olds

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th**  
THE DELAWARE, 3-year-olds and upward

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th**  
THE TROY, 2-year-olds

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th**  
THE HOPEFUL, 2-year-olds  
THE SARATOGA DERBY, 3-year-olds  
THE SHILLELAH, 4-year-olds and upward

**MONDAY, AUGUST 15th**  
THE KENTUCKY, fillies 2 years old

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 16th**  
THE MERCHANTS' AND CITIZENS', 3-year-olds and upward

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th**  
THE SENECA, 3-year-olds

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 18th**  
THE ALBANY, 2-year-olds

**FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th**  
THE HURON, 3-year-olds

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th**  
THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, 2-year-olds  
THE SARATOGA CUP, 3-year-olds and upward  
THE NORTH AMERICAN, 4-year-olds and upward

**MONDAY, AUGUST 22d**  
THE AMSTERDAM, 3-year-olds and upward

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 23d**  
THE CHAMPLAIN, 3-year-olds and upward

**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24th**  
THE ADIRONDACK, 2-year-olds

**THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th**  
THE SARANAC, 3-year-olds

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTORING

### THE FAD OF THE DAY

is to recognize the various makes of motor-cars,—to say, "Here comes a Columbia; there goes a Yale, etc." In the August issue of **MOTOR** there is

#### A Great Prize Offer

open to every one. Half-tone pictures of the leading makes of automobiles are printed, without names, and the interesting problem is to

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Please send me **MOTOR** for six months, for which I enclose \$1 sent at your risk. According to your special offer, send me also a copy of A B C of MOTORING free.

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Ride on California Limited  
Or go in tourist sleeper  
Eat Harvey meals  
Cool trip through Southwest  
Land of Enchantment  
See Grand Canyon of Arizona  
en route.

## An Ingenious Advertisement.

"IN Moscow," said Nathan Haskell Dole, translator of Tolstoy, "I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?" everyone asked.

"The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetskoy, the champion clothier of the South End, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city?"

—New York Tribune.

A GENTLEMAN, who, from a casual inspection, had no other visible means of support than the bench he sat on in Franklin Square, was seen feeding the sparrows the other day with little pieces of bread. The fat and greedy birds came promptly and ate voraciously while the feast lasted, and still hung around when it was over. Then the host fished in a pocket of his scant clothing and pulled out a handful of a powder composed of about equal parts of tobacco dust and bread crumbs. When he threw this down it was immediately surrounded by the winged gluttons, but they did not at once eat. They eyed the stuff with little sidewise turns of their heads, and when they saw that nothing better was forthcoming all but two flew away without so much as a peck at it. The two that remained, however, began finally to fan the powder with their wings, and in this way effected a separation of a few crumbs, which they ate.—Philadelphia Record.

WARREN SHELEY, a young son of Dr. O. C. Sheley, of Independence, is the possessor of a full grown ferret, a present from some place out in Kansas. The animal has the appearance of an elongated white rat with a kitten's tail, and is not only thoroughly domesticated, but is about the most entertaining house pet imaginable.

It plays with a string like a kitten and is very fond of music, dancing in a kangaroo sort of fashion when its young master whistles a lively tune. It seems especially fond of a zither owned by Master Sheley, and never seems quite so well satisfied as when resting its long, pinkish body across this instrument and scratching the strings with its claws. In addition to being a rare pet, the ferret is sure death to rats and mice, not to mention chickens. It is said to be able to kill any dog that attacks it, its method of protecting itself being to fasten its needle-like teeth in the dog's throat and then to cling there until it has sucked away the animal's life blood. Master Sheley's pet, however, seems friendly enough to his big shepherd dog, the two playing together in perfect comradeship.—Kansas City Journal.



### Leap Year Maid.

"UNCLE JOHN," queried the pretty girl who was seeking information, "would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"

"Only on very important business, my dear," answered the old man.

"Well, this is important business," she explained. "I want him to marry me."—*Chicago News.*

RUSSELL was usually a good boy in school, but on this particular day he could not study. His mind persisted in wandering, and his hands in dodging about to work mischief. He did not mean to disobey his teacher, for he was very fond of her. But after he had been corrected several times he heard the stern voice of Miss Black pronounce his doom:

"Russell, come to my desk. Now stand just so."

Then Miss Black took down the long ruler. Once, twice, three times fell the stick. Then a little cry came, not from Russell, but from the teacher, and she grew deadly pale. She had hurt her wrist. Russell was sent to his seat, and soon the school was dismissed for recess.

The ten minutes were up. The girls were all in their seats, but no boys. What was keeping the boys so long in the basement? Presently a procession, headed by the weeping Russell, filed up the stairs and into the schoolroom.

"Russell, are you still crying because I punished you?" the teacher asked, in reproachful tones.

Then, to her surprise, the biggest boy spoke up: "He's crying 'cause we thumped him in the basement 'cause he hurt you."

The rest of the day Russell was a model boy. At the close of school in the afternoon Miss Black spoke very kindly to him, and told him she was pleased that he had ended the day with such good behavior.

From a dozen throats in concert came the explanation: "Yes, he had to be good for you, 'cause we told him if he wasn't we'd lick him again after school."—*Youth's Companion.*

A SOUTHERN writer tells this story of a negro preacher's version of the parable of the Good Samaritan: There was a traveler on a lonely road, said the preacher, who was set upon by thieves, robbed, and left wounded and helpless by the wayside. As he lay there various persons passed him, but none offered to assist him. Presently, however, a poor Samaritan came by, and taking pity on the wounded man's plight, helped him on his mule and took him to an inn, where he ordered food and drink and raiment for the man, directing the innkeeper to send the bill to him. "And dis am a true story, breth'ren," concluded the preacher; "for de inn am standin' dere yet, and in de do'way am standin' de skel'ton ob de innkeeper, waitin' fer de Good Samaritan to come back an' pay de bill."—*Harper's Weekly.*



## SO WONDERFUL YET SO SIMPLE THE ANGELUS

Just remember for a moment how many of the greatest inventions seem simple because they work so perfectly. Some one little detail, seemingly unimportant at first glance, distinguishes the brilliant success from the commonplace.

### THE ANGELUS PHRASING LEVER

is a perfect illustration. In appearance it is just a small piece of ivory near the loud pedal lever. In operation it is a little tilting tablet which permits of the most exquisite phrasing and shading while playing. Set your tempo stop or change it as often as desired and you still have the Phrasing Lever to secure the desired accelerandos and ritardandos or a full rest. It is the Phrasing Lever which gives you complete control of your piano while playing with the aid of the Angelus. The Phrasing Lever is our latest expression device and has been patented so it cannot be found on other instruments.

Send for (free) handsome booklet and the name of the nearest agent.  
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## TABLE SALT

### NOURISHES

The husks, the pods, and the bones that the cook throws away contain most of the "vital" salts—the phosphates needed by teeth, bones, brain and nerves. Cerebos Salt restores the lost phosphates. It is also the daintiest salt for table and kitchen.

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Send for sample, enough for the family, naming your grocer.  
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The Name is stamped on every loop—  
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Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

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Send  
50c. for Silk,  
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Sample Pair.

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### THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER

YOU enjoy good music when you hear it produced by others. Wouldn't you enjoy it still more in your own home, if you could have it just when you wanted it—if you could produce it yourself?

You can, you know—if you have a CECILIAN PIANO PLAYER attached to your piano.

The CECILIAN takes the place of the musician's trained fingers and eyes, but you yourself furnish the expression, the spirit of the music, for the Cecilian is entirely under your control and gives perfect freedom for individual expression.

Price, \$250.00. Easy payments if desired.

**FARRAND ORGAN CO.,**  
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# LIFE



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## PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

### August.

THE month of highest temperatures fitly derives its name from that of the Emperor Augustus, who was the warmest baby in the bunch (*de fasciculo infans calidissimus*).

In August sin goes down to the seashore and the churches close their doors.

Politicians lie low; just enough, in fact, to keep their hand in.

The leisure classes are more violently leisurely than ever.

Summer girls roll up their sleeves and acquire a coat of arms (tan).

Hay fever is in the public eye.

Vacations are gone on; fewer noses are being held to the grindstone; more are being blistered, and business is correspondingly dull.

Love is cheap and talk is eternal.

It is the time of hearts, hammocks and hallucinations; of happiness made up of carbonic acid gas and flavoring extract.

### Time Enough.

"WHAT! Only four hundred people killed in the Subway since it was started!"

"Oh, well, you must remember that it hasn't been opened yet."

"MADAME, will you officiate at our church fair?"

"Dear me; I never did a dishonest thing in my life."





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XLIV. AUGUST 4, 1904. No. 1136.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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IS it going to be an amiable campaign? There are reasons why it might be. Both the candidates are very likeable men, and the only thing in either platform which has in it much material for partisan heat is the proposition to cut down the representation of the Southern States in Congress. We do not believe there is a State in the Union in which the proposition to reduce the representation of the States that have limited negro suffrage will not do the Republican ticket more harm than good. The general sentiment is that the communities that bear the burden of a large negro population fairly earn such political advantage as they may get by having the negroes counted in the adjustment of Congressional districts. The General Government ought to be paying a large part of the school bills of the Southern negroes. If that can't be done under the Constitution, let those who do pay get what benefit they can. If the Congressional representation could be apportioned in all States according to the number of children of school age who

go to school, that would be a fair basis, and the tendency would be to discourage both illiteracy and race suicide.



BUT will it be an amiable campaign? Is there going to be an era of good feeling? One consideration that might encourage it is that the more the Republicans admit that Judge Parker is a safe and proper man, the better it is for business; and the more business picks up, the less chance there is for a change of administration. There is a political motive, therefore, for the Republicans to admit the truth about Parker.

But there is nothing to hinder the Democrats from painting Colonel Roosevelt with horns and a tail. Their best hope lies in demonstrating that he is dangerous, and it is probable that, once they get warmed up to their work, they will attend to it thoroughly. Yet it is important for them that, if they pound him, they should pound him on plausible spots. The coal-strike issue is worthless; the Northern Securities case is no better; the Panama matter will lose him some individual votes, but gain him more. He will have to be attacked on the general ground of being more husky and vociferous than the law allows, and on such special grounds as militarism, expansion, practising jitsu on the Constitution, issuing unlawful pensions and promoting General Wood.



THE hitch will come in inducing the Democrats to agree as to what are Colonel Roosevelt's faults. Half of them are disposed to praise him for what the other half condemn. Mr. Bryan's latest manifesto illustrates how grave a disagreement as to purposes really exists in the Democratic Party. He calls for organization for the ultimate accomplishment of State ownership of railroads and a Post Office telegraph—aims utterly antagonistic to the old Demo-

cratic doctrine that the best government is the government that governs least. Mr. Bryan's disclosures show that it is time for him to set up a party of his own. Measured by the old standards, he is no Democrat, and the suggestion that Judge Parker's success could help Bryan realize his aims would be effectively damaging to the Judge's prospects.

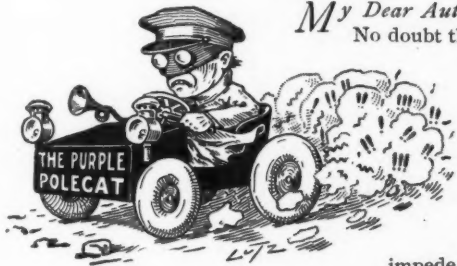


MR. LAWSON of Boston, who has lately joined the industrious army of magazine writers, is making as good magazine copy as any one in the business. At what branch of the literary trade he is working—whether plain fiction, fiction founded on fact, or history—we are not qualified to determine, but he has a fine command of spirited and picturesque language, and whether he is drawing on his memory or his imagination, he never seems to hesitate for lack of matter. In the August instalment of his work in *Everybody's Magazine*, he offers a character sketch of Mr. H. H. Rogers, which is interesting irrespective of its accuracy. The public has been used to think of Mr. Rogers as one of the more important tenders of the great Standard Oil machine, of which the indispensable mind was still that of the elder Rockefeller. But Mr. Lawson paints Mr. Rogers much bigger than that. Mr. Rockefeller, as Mr. Lawson admits, was potent in his day, and undoubtedly used his opportunities to much purpose, but now, he tells us, "the big brain, the big body, the master of 'Standard Oil' is Henry H. Rogers." He says Mr. Rogers has six colors in his eyes, and several totally distinct dispositions; that he is one of the kindest men in private life, and the most dangerous man to cross in business, that there is on the earth. It is quite like meeting a new great-man to see Mr. Rogers with Mr. Lawson's eyes. We shiver (as is the intention) at the Boston man's effrontery at daring to print pieces about so masterful a Titan as he makes out Mr. Rogers to be.



An Open Letter.

*My Dear Automobilist:*



No doubt the auto car has come to stay, but is that any reason why you should pull her wide open when you go over street crossings, and look daggers at me when I appear to

impede your progress by innocently crossing the street about my business? Why, a banker's "hard-boiled dye" is not in the same class with yours. I would a word with you.

Of course, I have plenty of money and can own an auto if I want to. But I have rides enough with friends who have them, and I tell you I select carefully those with whom I ride. I am not particularly timid, and enjoy my share of excitement, but I do not enjoy excitement that risks the lives of other people.

When I used to play baseball and football the field was clear of those not in the game. The risk was all on the players, who felt qualified to assume it. When I sail, the risk is shared only by those in the boat.

The railroad alone has supreme right of way through or across streets where they happen to run in the city, but they take the precaution of having gates, or a flagman, automatic bells and signs, and further than that, they spend millions in altogether abolishing grade crossings.

The street cars in most of our cities, while more or less independent in their supremacy, yet have an eye to the ubiquitous professional damage lawyer, and give careful heed, as a rule, to the crossings. The railroads, in early days, and the electric street cars when first inaugurated, met with considerable public protest, but now we all recognize them as public necessities, and we gracefully get out of their way.

You have not reached the proud distinction of being a public necessity, and never can. You have the free use for a carriage of luxury of the entire street from curb to curb. Now, don't make trouble for yourself; don't, by riding a free horse to death, bring down on yourself public protest which may crystallize into your being relegated to the back streets. You are old enough to know a good thing—look out and don't abuse your privilege. It does not matter that you can control your machine quickly or that a miss is as good as a mile, because you might as well kill a man as scare him to death.

Remember that the weight and force of your auto are as dangerous to me as those of the steam and electric cars. I take off my hat to them and pay my fare, but why should they bridge and abolish grade crossings to protect me, only for you to come along and bowl me over? And I able to own an auto as well as you! The average American admits you are a good fellow—he would accept a ride with you, but he does not want you to abuse your privileges, nor to kill himself or his family.

Calm down a little, old man, and slow up when you come to the crossings. Never mind if the dividends on your accident policy shrink a little; you will do much for popular favor toward auto makers and users, besides gaining the respect both of the man behind a good horse and the man who is "hoofing it."

Yours in no great haste,

*Spartan.*

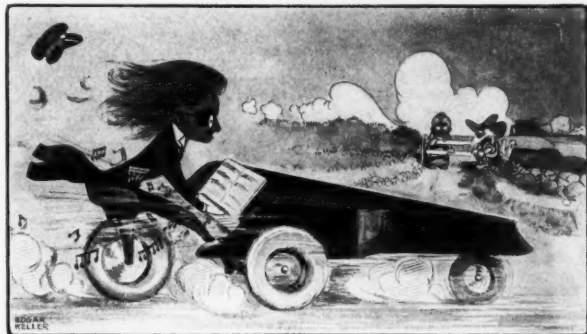
Modern Anecdote.

JUDGE PARKER was yoking a pair of steers in the cow lot at Esopus.

"Do you think, Judge," we inquired suavely, as we shoved the brindle steer up a little closer, "that Bryan will have any show at the inauguration ball, in case the lightning strikes you in the right place?"

"Well, yes, I think he will," he responded, rubbing his chin and speaking with judicial deliberation. "You see, he will be there, and wherever Bryan is there is bound to be a show. But he can't help it; he was born that way."

Tumbling to the subtle wit of the silent man of destiny of the hour, we clamorously guffawed our appreciation of the same, and jumped out of the way of the hind foot of the brindle steer.



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LIFE's thanks to the Taylor, Smith and Taylor Company for a large barrel of porcelain, which is just what we needed at the Farm.

## Physiological.

THE art of keeping ourselves alive is rapidly becoming rushed to death. It will not be long, when, in the midst of so many systems of exercise and in the face of so many hygienic mutterings and dietetic gauntlets, we shall all be glad to go off somewhere and die peacefully, surrounded by all the things we ought not to eat, and in bold defiance of the latest invention in muscular development.

There are some of us, indeed, who are already beginning to suspect that when this final step is taken—when we have bidden adieu to all the rules and regulations imposed upon us, there may, after all, be a chance for us left. Perhaps we may not die. Maybe, by some misdirection of energy, we may possibly arise again from our premature graves and kick off a few more goals, before the tocsin sounds.

Arising in the morning, Smith rubbed himself off briskly with the sanitary towel advocated by the Board of Health, and with the windows all open, where he would be scrutinized by the neighbors, raised his chest to the ceiling one hundred times, and dropped it quietly and unobtrusively to the linoleum floor. After this, he plunged into a cold sterilized bath, and drinking four quarts of Great Dane spring water, lay on his back and imagined he was a jellyfish for thirty minutes. Breakfast followed, consisting of prepared bed slats and cowless milk, after which Smith walked four



AT LIFE'S FARM.  
OUT FOR A STROLL.

miles to business, taking his temperature every two blocks. And so on through the day.

This was six months ago; since then Smith has discovered an entirely new system, which he confidently predicts will make several more men of him before the year is out.

The only real trouble with Smith is that he has an incurable disease and doesn't know it. His ailment is the inability to forget himself. If he could only let himself alone long enough, he would be able to get along by obeying his natural instincts.

What we all need is a lack of exercise, plenty of undigested food, an ability to rise above advertisements, and an easy conscience.

And then, if we should happen to get sick and don't send for the doctor, we may pull through.

## Education.

You can no more take the need of hard work out of education than you can take it out of life.—*Chancellor Whitelaw Reid.*

EDUCATION is a peculiar thing.

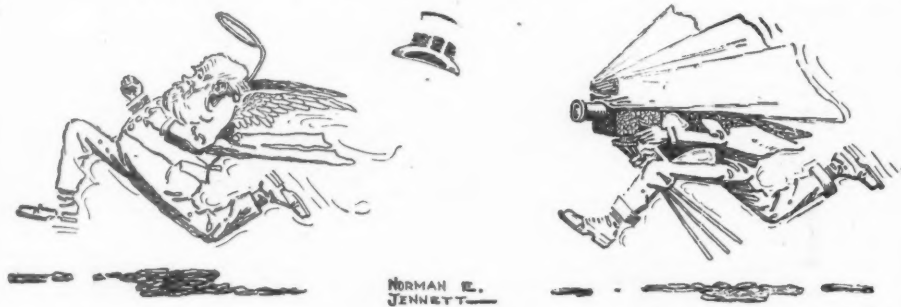
It is not for everybody; only for those who work for it.

It is not to be given; only to be got.

It is not a matter of public bounty; but a matter of private effort.

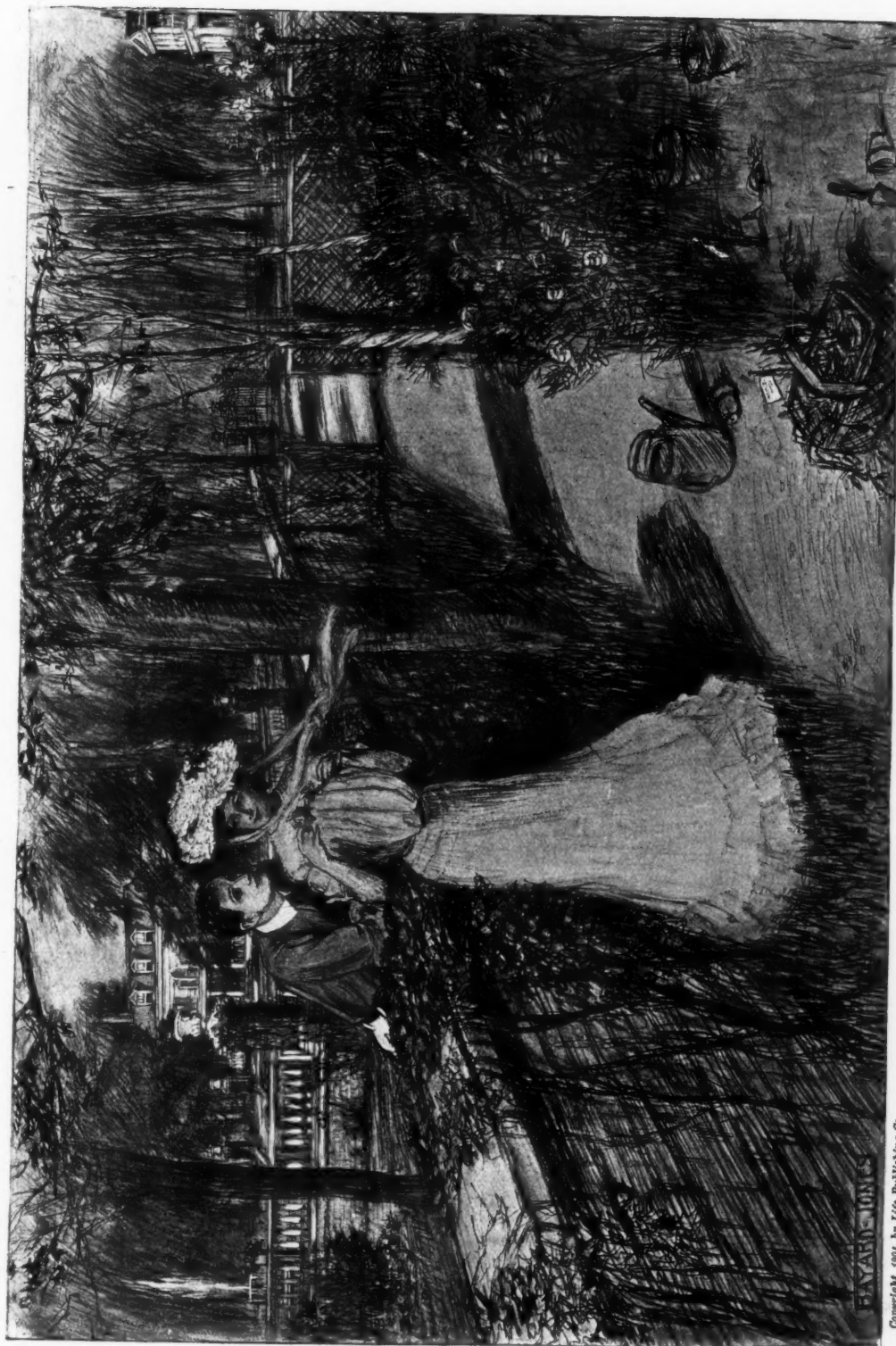
The easier it is to get, the less it is worth having.

But some of us are a long time learning that a man is to be finally reclaimed only in virtue of force which he himself supplies.



A FOLLOWER OF "DOWIE."





"ALWAYS ACT IN SUCH A WAY AS TO SECURE THE LOVE OF YOUR NEIGHBOR."  
— *Pliny the Elder.*

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# Wild Animal Whoppers



By  
James Montgomery Flagg

## THE BEAVER.

AS I was lounging on my cabin sofa, lazily wondering whether my Indian cook would give me broiled venison or woodchuck pie for dinner, the 'phone rang.

It was from the office. They wanted an article on the beaver.

I said to myself in a dazed sort of way, "Beaver, beaver! To be sure—the funny little thing that builds dams and has a tail that looks as if it were done up in a chignon."

I put on my Indian duds and started out.

A bright little boy of one of my neighbors kindly told me where I could see some beavers.

I asked him several questions which he answered intelligently.

He smiled in a peculiar way when I was talking to him.

I could not quite make out what amused him. At any rate, I'm not sorry I talked with him. I wanted to be sure that I would know the beaver when I came up to them.

Another result of my conversation was my returning to the cabin for an instant and replacing my revolver on the rack. The beaver is not a ferocious beast when unmolested, and I had the most lofty and humane intentions toward him.

I found the trail—it was more than a mere trail, in fact, it was a wagon road—and proceeded.

Catching a glimpse of some animals through the trees, I at once recognized them as beavers.

The training that my vocation gives quickens the perceptions to a marvelous degree.

I could call eleven different animals by name now. I won't say that all the names would be right. I'm a bit stronger on the domestic animal than the imported kind. Natural History begins at home, I contend.

I fixed myself comfortably in a tree and watched the beavers. There were only three of the little chaps at work. They were building a dam. They are quite limited in their imagination.

I believe they never build anything but dams. I should think they would get tired of generation after generation building the same old thing in the same old way. If a beaver could only get out and advertise himself, in the way I know how so well, for instance, he wouldn't have to build an ordinary mud dam. He could live in a brown-stone one. There will be great glory in store for the beaver who breaks away from the old narrow ruts and builds an opera house, or a bank, or a speedway. Of course this is nonsense, but you know what I mean.

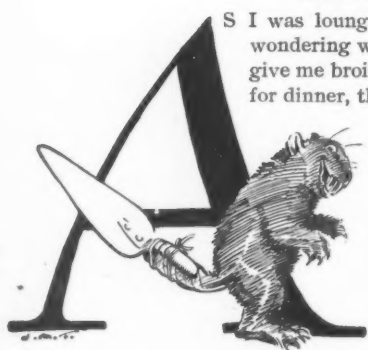
A fourth beaver, a slick-looking chap, bossed the gang. He was the foreman, I judged.

From the opposite bank, as I watched, came two new beavers, who walked out onto the dam and started to work mixing mud.

The foreman looked at them, then walked out to the gang and seemed to be attracting their attention to the newcomers.

Then the trouble started. The three original beavers dropped their sticks and flew at the new arrivals, slapped them head over heels with their muddy tails, and forced them off the dam onto the shore.

I used my usual deductive method—the discomfited



Bossed the gang.

and rejected workers didn't belong to the union! The three union beavers returned to work as before, but only for a short time.

From a distant factory came a whistle—twelve o'clock. The beavers heard it and dropped their sticks and tails and quit to a man!



### They Were Abashed.

IT was a quiet Sunday morning on a side street. A playful breeze had lifted off the tarpaulin that covered the news stand, and the magazines, thus exposed, were enjoying a quiet hour by themselves.

*Harper's* took occasion to edge away from *McClure's*.

"Your cheapness makes me dizzy," it observed, with a superior sniff.

"My cheapness is as nothing to your dullness," exclaimed *McClure's*, with some heat.

"Nonsense!" replied *Harper's*. "Why, I once published an interesting short story."

A chorus of groans greeted this admission.

"The trouble with you fellows," observed *The Century*, "is that you do not understand the really serious side of life."

"How can we," observed *The Metropolitan*, "for we have not, like you, a humorous department. We—"

There was a commotion. While these observations were going on, *Munsey's* and *Everybody's*, who had gotten close to each other, were having a dispute.

"I publish sillier stuff than you," said *Munsey's*.

"I defy you to prove it," said *Everybody's*.

"Let's form a ring and have them fight it out," suggested a rank outsider—*The Clipper*.

At this, however, there was a protest from one hitherto silent. A soft soprano voice spoke.



*New Arrival*: WHAT TIME IS IT?

*Guide to Paradise*: IT'S ALWAYS MORNING HERE.

"OH, HOW UNFORTUNATE! I NEVER LOOK MY BEST IN THE MORNING."

"Gentlemen," it said, "would you fight in the presence of ladies?"

Whereupon the rest of the magazines took off their hats, and one by one lapsed into respectful silence, as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, arranging its skirts anew with gentle precision, passed out on its way to church.

### Cure.

"YOU are a reformer."

"Well?"

"You ought to take something for it."

"Ha, ha! What would you advise?"

"Well, office."

THE worst tyrants are those who know no law but the indulgence of their own benevolence.



## Cheerfulness.



**B**E cheerful. It's not only a great mistake, but very wrong, indeed, to be anything else. And remember that nothing is worth striving for unless it requires an effort to get it. That is why we should be thankful that the conditions surrounding us to-day are such as to make cheerfulness such a laudable and desirable thing.

When the doctor has carelessly removed a portion of your interior and found out there was nothing in it, do not give way to your feelings, or show that you are all put out. On the contrary, smile gladly and say:

"Doctor, my only regret is that I have but one appendix to give to my country."

When the head of the syndicate that for the past two years has been undermining your credit and driving you out of business, comes in one morning and says:

"I guess it's about time for you to lay down," be cheerful.

Don't give way to your feelings. Don't squirm. Hand over what cash there is left, and smile gaily. Rise above these petty things. Be cheerful. It is your duty so to be.

When your best girl—the one whom so long you have adored, whom you have held in your arms night after night, and just knew, as you looked into her gazelle eyes, was the most perfect creature in the world—comes to you and says:

"Darling, we may as well understand each other. The conditions of our modern life, to say nothing of my standing in church, demand that I have at least five thousand a year to dress on, and I have decided to make a sure thing of it and take another man instead of you," be cheerful.

Don't get mad. Don't let your angry passions rise. Smile sweetly and reply, "My dear, thank you so much for your kind words."

That is to say, be cheerful, for you must remember that this is the time when you need to be cheerful, if you are ever going to be.

Addison Fox, Jr.

## To Amuse the Public.

**T**HE booksellers of London have been uttering some businesslike heresies anent free libraries. Sober Englishmen, devoid of enthusiasm, are asking themselves and their neighbors whether the free library is an unqualified blessing, or an unmitigated nuisance. In view of the fact that eighteen hundred and fifty-nine novels were published in England last year, they might be pardoned for doubting the advisability of learning to read.

The curious thing about the dispute (to American ears at least) is the emphasis laid by the disputants upon the taxpayer's point of view. In our nobler land no weak consideration for the taxpayer enters into anybody's mind. It is startling to read in an English newspaper a narrow-minded paragraph like the following:

"Tea and coffee are good things in their way—at least as good as the average novel—but the taxpayers are not required to furnish free tea and coffee rooms. Yet it would be quite as just to establish free tea and coffee rooms at the expense of taxpayers as to establish free libraries for the use of unwashed loungers and novel-reading boys."

How comes it, we wonder, that we have *not* established the free tea and coffee rooms long ago? Why has not some philanthropic citizen awakened to this suggestion, and offered to provide the teapots and coffee-urns (marked with his name and appropriate inscriptions), on condition that the taxpayers should keep them always full? Some gentle stimulant is needed to keep the weary novel-readers awake.

There are those who assert that the overcrowding of our great cities is due, in some measure, to our intelligent efforts to provide entertainment for the public—games for kindergarten babies, clubs for girls and boys, libraries for young men and women, concerts, fireworks and parades. By contrast with all these joys, bucolic life must seem terribly bald and bare. To depend upon one's own energies and resources may be wholesome, but it is far from enlivening. No wonder that Rome was the biggest of all big cities, when she gave her shows free!

Agnes Repplier.

## Six Wishes.



"When maidens were prim and sedate and shy."

**I** WISH I had lived in the days gone by  
When maidens were prim and sedate and shy;

So modest and true and dutiful, too;  
When a man wasn't judged by the coin he blew;

The Puritan way, not at all like to-day,  
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived in the good old time,  
When knighthood and glory were in their prime;

When for maidens men fought, for they couldn't be bought;

When duels instead of divorces were sought;  
A more honorable way than we have to-day,  
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.



"When for maidens men fought."



"But art was their hobby."

I wish I had lived during Cæsar's reign,  
Or when Rameses did—I wouldn't complain;  
There were no millionaires, no trusts, "bulls"  
or "bears,"  
But art was their "hobby," so history declares,  
In that good old day when Cæsar held sway;  
But now everybody's so bloomin' blasé.



"When a man at two hundred was merely a kid."

I wish I had lived when Methuselah did,  
When a man at two hundred was merely a  
kid;  
When they lived easy lives and had dozens of  
wives,  
And it wasn't bad form if they ate with their  
knives.  
If you did it to-day folks would call you a jay,  
For everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

I wish I had lived in the primitive ages,  
When gas bills and rent didn't take a man's  
wages;  
And they didn't know style, for it wasn't worth  
while,  
As they wore but a fig leaf (and sometimes a  
smile);  
A more simple way than we have to-day,  
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.



"As they wore but a fig leaf."

I wish I had lived in the good old days,  
Before men lost all their monkey ways;  
When they sat in the trees and scratched for  
fleas,  
And wore no trousers to bag at the knees,  
A much better way than we have to-day,  
When everybody's so bloomin' blasé.

E. N. Clark.



"When they sat in the trees."



GUARDING THE NORTHERN PASSAGE.



### Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE SELF-DENIAL OF TRUE LOVE.

**I**FF shee noo how i wurkt to gett thatt dime,  
How i wuz swetten neerle awl thee time  
i washt thee stepps ann pought thee frunt dore  
i wunder iff sheed luv me enny moar  
Wenn shee is drinken lemменade wich i  
hav bott fore hur. shee nose thatt itt wood bi  
fishlines ur topps ur marbuls wich i nede  
Butt no. i doo nott bi um. no indede.  
i onley think uv hur ann my grate luv  
ann wunder sumtimes wott sheez thinken uv.

iff shee cood sea thee blissturs on mi hand  
frum raken launs O wood shee understand  
thatt evry time shee stopps ann startts too draw  
Hur breth sheez drawn munney throo thee straw.  
O luv how eezy u maik us foargett  
thee way wee wurk wee blisstur ann wee swett  
Too gett a littul munney wenn wee pass  
a stand ware lemменade is five a glas.  
Wenn ure gurl looks up att u offle sli  
ann sez O hennry doant itt maik u dri.

O luv u are a mitey mitey powr  
wee wurk fore munney menney a weery our  
butt lett a gurl gett thursty ann itt's gone  
befoar u hardlie say jack robison.  
thee millyunair spennds thowsands butt he nose  
thares lotts moar in his pokket wenn itt goze  
butt wenn i spennd mi dime fore lemменade  
itts awl ive gott. Butt lov is nott afrade  
Uv poverty. Ann evry breth shee draws  
bringgs happynes upp too me throo them straws.

J. W. Foley.

### He Stood the Test.

**S**HE looked up at him with fondly questioning eyes.

"How much do you love me?" she said.

Her lover paused in doubt. Words failed him for the moment. Finally he spoke.

"I love you," he said, "as much as Bryan loves to talk."

"That is a good deal," she replied.

"But it is not enough."

"Then I love you as much as Carrie Nation likes to see her name in print."

"Very good, but—"

"I love you as much as Alfred Austin's poems are feeble."

"Splendid, but still not enough."

"I love you as much as Pierpont Morgan loves a railroad combination, as the Beef Trust loves its profits, as the Theatrical Syndicate clings to rotten plays—"

"You are getting very warm," she replied.

He raised his head proudly.

"I love you," he said, "as much as Theodore wants to be President."

And she fell into his arms with a loud cry.

"My darling," she exclaimed, "your love is indeed the real thing."

Tom Masson.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### The Reason.

**T**HERE was once an Ugly Little Fact that had no home.

So he trotted along the highway, until he came to the Community where he belonged, when he sat down on his haunches in the Square and began to howl.

And as the people hung over the fence in great numbers, looking at him, he howled more loudly than before, telling the truth about the Community in tones that penetrated to the remotest alley of the town.

Then a Leading Citizen came forward with a large brick, remarking:

"This will never do." And so saying, he landed the large brick neatly on the head of the Ugly Little Fact. And other Leading Citizens followed his example.

"We do this," they explained, "not because you are true, but because you are Uncomplimentary, and should be treated as a Malicious Slander."

Grace Torrey.



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IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES  
MR. TAGG IS FASCINATED BY WASHINGTON SOCIETY AND DECIDES TO GO INTO POLITICS



DIPLOMAT CIRCLES.  
TO GO INTO POLITICS, HE ENJOYS A VISION OF HIMSELF AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.



## Von Blumer's New Auto.



"AT last our happiness is complete."

There was a light of supreme joy in Von Blumer's eyes, there was gladness in his voice, there was a suppressed, but none the less real, attitude of unqualified satisfaction in his whole manner, as he spoke to his wife.

"Yes, darling," he continued—the word darling now being used by him only on rare occasions that demanded some unusual emphasis—"at last we can live. I have bought an automobile."

Mrs. Von Blumer caught her breath, and raised her eyes in sudden surprise.

"What!" she exclaimed. "An automobile! Why, you told me you never would buy one—that they were always getting out of order, and were a source of endless trouble."

Von Blumer looked at his wife with superior condescension.

"Perfectly true," he replied. "More than true. What I have said about the automobile in general I still maintain. But, of course, I did not, at that time, know anything about the Roadrun."

"The Roadrun?"

"Yes, the Roadrun. By the merest chance, I was talking with a friend yesterday who has one of these inimitable machines, and he took me out for a little spin. I experienced a sensation that I never had before."

"You didn't break down once, or have anything happen?"

"I should say not. That would be impossible with the Roadrun, which has none of the defects of the other inferior machines, and unites all their best qualities."

Mrs. Von Blumer sighed.

"I hope," she said, "that you have not believed too much."

Von Blumer smiled.

"Fortunately," he replied, "this is not a question of belief, but one of personal observation, founded upon the laws of logic. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, I was able to demonstrate for myself in a few moments the absolute invulnerability of the Roadrun."

"You a mechanical turn of mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Von Blumer. "Why, I can't even get you to do the simplest thing about the house. I had to send for a plumber yesterday merely to put in a rubber washer."

Von Blumer rose. His pride had been touched. There was pity in his voice—pity for one who had hitherto so far misunderstood him.

"My dear," he said, "I do not, of course, expect that you will appreciate all those sides to my mind that you are ignorant of. My time is a trifle too valuable, I hope, to fritter away as a man of all work about a house. But when it comes to mechanics, when it comes to logical adjustment of intricate machinery, that's where I live! It is true that I've never had much actual experience, but with a Roadrun I don't need it. My natural mechanical mind will now have a chance to give me a source of recreation that I have long been in need of."

"When is this automobile coming?" queried Mrs. Von Blumer.

Von Blumer took out his watch in much the same manner as if he were timing a race-horse.

"It will be here," he replied, "in just two hours. It is waiting for me now at the station, ten miles away. I shall be there in an hour. It will take me fifteen minutes to start and three-quarters of an hour on the way. Expect me, therefore, at three o'clock."

"You are not going to run it home yourself, are you?"

"I most certainly am. At one minute of three you will hear the toot of a horn in the distance. Thirty seconds later you will hear the rhythmic vibration of one of the smoothest running machines in the market, and at precisely on the hour we shall be face to face once again. And so, au revoir."

He was gone. And Mrs. Von Blumer, expectant, but a trifle uneasy, went about her household duties with a feeling of suspense. Half past two came, quarter of three, five minutes of three, then three, three-fifteen, three-thirty, four, and five.

What could have happened? Had her unfortunate husband been run over? Had he met his death at some lonely roadside? Almost beside herself with anxiety, she walked the floor. There

was nothing to do but wait, as Von Blumer had given her no address.

Suddenly there was a sound in the distance—a horn. She flew to the window. Down the road came a huge affair of red paint and brass lamps in front, and behind it, linked by a rope, was a smaller affair built on the same pattern. In the smaller one sat erect the single figure of a man—her husband.

Before she could get out to him the cortège stopped in front of the house, the rope was cast off, and Von Blumer had waved his thanks to his land tug-boat.

"What has happened?" said Mrs. Von Blumer, breathlessly. "I was worried to death about you. Is this the automobile you said would never break down?"

Von Blumer, hypnotized by his new purchase, did not reply. He got out and stood silently by his wife's side. Then, at last, he swept it with a gesture, as he said:

"Isn't it a dream?"

"If it's going to act like that, and has to be towed around by other people," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "I should say that it was a nightmare. What is the matter with it, anyway?"

Von Blumer laughed.

"Nothing," he replied, "absolutely nothing. It was all in the batteries. They have, understand, nothing to do with the machine."

"But if they have nothing to do with the machine, what do you have them for?"

"What I mean is this—they are not a part of the machine. They are furnished by some one else. We have two sets of them, you understand, so in case one set doesn't work, the other will."

"And they both—"

"Now wait. In this particular instance, owing to the utter idiocy and diabolical stupidity of some fellow who put 'em in—wait till I get hold of him!—the wires were uncovered, and that made a short circuit. Of course, the batteries exhausted themselves. They gave out on me when I was three miles away. But, you understand, they have nothing to do with the machine itself. I'll simply telephone for a new set, have 'em put right in, and away we'll go."

"How did you know about this?"

"Why, that fellow in the machine

that towed me in told me. He's an awful nice fellow."

Von Blumer's eye glistened.

"I tell you, my dear, that's one of the greatest things about automobiling. It shows better than anything else, how people are ready to help their fellow-creatures."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Von Blumer, "he's probably been caught himself so many times that he knows how it feels."

"Now if that isn't just like a woman," snapped Von Blumer. "Always a pessimist. Never a true sport. Always looking for trouble. But wait until we get those new batteries in. I'll show you what the Roadrun can do."

He almost ran into the house in his new excitement—an excitement his wife had not seen in years. Then ensued a hurried conversation over the telephone, from which he emerged in a few moments, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Man's coming right up from the repair shop," he chuckled, "with a complete new set of batteries and about a mile or so of covered wire. My pet, just have a little patience. It won't be long now before we'll be imitating the birds of the air."

They went out on the piazza and sat down, waiting for the repair man to come. In front, the new machine, glossy and beautiful, stood as if waiting to spring into life. Suddenly Von Blumer's expectant eye fastened on a figure coming along the street.

It was Caterby, his next-door neighbor.

If there was anything that Caterby hated, it was an automobile.

"You might as well," Von Blumer had often heard him say, "run a locomotive through the streets."

Von Blumer turned to his wife. A sudden fear possessed him.

"Here comes Caterby!" he exclaimed. "Say, we mustn't let him know there's anything the matter with our auto. He'll guy the life out of me."

"I thought you said there wasn't anything the matter with it," responded Mrs. Von Blumer.

"There isn't, of course; only those batteries. Let's see; we can tell him

we're waiting for the cool of the evening. But, oh Heavens! If he sees that repair man working on it in the street, what'll he say? Here he comes. Mum's the word."

Caterby paused in front of the house. First he looked at the machine, then at the Von Blumers.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "Good afternoon. Whose is it?"

"Mine," said Von Blumer.

Caterby grinned—a fiendish, malignant smile.

"So you've got the fever?" he said.

"Well, I'm sorry for you."

"You'll be sorry for me all right," said Von Blumer, "when you see me skipping about the country, just wherever I want to go."

Caterby sneered in a polite, neighborly manner. He was by nature a skeptic. Besides, he loved a horse.

"I'll see you later," he remarked sententiously. "Why aren't you out now? I'll bet it's busted already."

Von Blumer contrived to motion secretly to his wife. He felt that all the lying ought to be done by himself exclusively.

"To be candid with you, old man," he said, with a confidential air—implying by his manner that there might be something wrong, in order to bring in his climax—"there *is* something the matter."

"I knew it," said Caterby. "What is it?"

"It's this," said Von Blumer. "I'm trying to get my breath. I came out from the station so deuced fast that I'm really afraid to go out in it again. I haven't gotten thoroughly familiar with it, so I'm going to wait until the cool of the evening."

Caterby turned into his own gate.

"Well, old fellow," he observed, "I wish you joy. But all the same I'm sorry for you." And he disappeared.

Mrs. Von Blumer turned appealingly to her husband. Being a true woman, she felt a certain amount of responsibility for him. She felt that she must stand by him.

"If he sees that repair man, what will he say?" she asked.

"I know it," said Von Blumer. "It will be impossible to explain. But I'll tell you what. I'll have the repair man

put in those batteries after dark."

"But Mr. Caterby might pass by or see him then."

"Then I'll get that machine up the road first and into the barn."

"You can't do it yourself."

"But I can get help."

So Von Blumer telephoned again to have the man come with the batteries about nine o'clock, and when the shades of evening fell, he and the hired man went silently out into the street, while Caterby was concealed in his house.

And they pulled and tugged and worked like galley slaves, until at last, by a supreme effort, the two thousand pounds of machinery on wheels had been slowly trundled into a place of seclusion.

At ten o'clock the repair man came—at double rates—and put in a new set of batteries.

Then he gave the crank a few decisive turns, and, lo, "chug," "chug," the auto was once more alive.

Von Blumer's exultation knew no bounds.

"There!" he cried, as he followed his wife upstairs to get a few hours' much-needed rest. "Now we're off. I told you there was nothing the matter with that machine. It is the safest and surest in the world. To-morrow morning we'll start off bright and early and take a spin of forty or fifty miles."

The next morning, after breakfast, Von Blumer preceded his wife to the barn. He was arrayed in a brand-new, glistening automobile cap; on his hands was the latest thing in gloves.

Von Blumer opened the back of the car with the air of an expert. He unscrewed two plugs and dipped in a long, thin piece of whalebone.

"What are you doing now?" asked Mrs. Von Blumer.

"Measuring the gasoline and water. That's all you need. A cent a mile for gasoline and water at nothing. Then here are a few trifling places to oil."

"Aren't you afraid you'll spoil those gloves?"

Even as she spoke a lot of black oil squirted out of some hidden spring and covered her husband's hands.

He smiled brightly.

"Nothing!" he observed. "Abso-



"WHY, JACK! A BLACK HEN LAID A WHITE EGG?"

"THAT'S NOTHING."

"I'D LIKE TO SEE *you* DO IT."

lutely nothing. One must expect this sort of thing."

He turned the crank confidently.

All was silence.

He turned it again—and again—and again. Silence. Then he examined critically each cog-wheel. He felt of all the wires. He pressed the hose. Then he turned the crank again.

Mrs. Von Blumer leaned against the barn door, as, regardless of his clothes, he threw himself on his back and looked up at his new purchase from that humble attitude.

"I guess," she said, "that your old machine is no good. I don't believe it knows how to go."

Her desperate husband, maddened by his disappointment, sprang to his feet and faced her.

"WOMAN!" he exclaimed, "this is too much. Here I purchase, merely for your pleasure, one of the finest automobiles in the world, and just because I haven't got acquainted with every infinitesimal detail, you act like a baby. But I'll show you. You just wait!"

He rushed into the house, and rang up the repair man. What he said does not matter. But in the space of thirty minutes the repair man rode leisurely up on his wheel. He led the way to the barn. He pressed a button. He turned the crank. And there again was the old familiar "chug," "chug."

"How did you do it?" said Von Blumer, a trace of humbleness in his voice.

The repair man smiled.

"I guess," he said, "you forgot to turn on the current. You want to put that switch back."

"Of course," said Von Blumer, with tears in his eyes. "I knew there was nothing the matter with that machine. Come, my dear, get in, and I'll show you what it can do."

Mrs. Von Blumer, her face pale with fear, but game to the last, got in. Von Blumer pressed a lever.

They were off.

Down the road they went at a great pace. They switched around corners. They dashed along turnpikes.

"How is it?" said Von Blumer, as, with his teeth clenched, one hand grasping the steering apparatus, the other on the clutch, he bent forward like a jockey winning a race. On and on they went. It seemed as if they were covering the whole State.

"Splendid! Have you any idea where we are going?"



ERNEST FUSSELL - 1904.

"SAY! WHY ARE THOSE POSTERS LIKE A PUZZLED POLITICIAN?"

"DUNNO."

"BECAUSE THEY'RE ON THE FENCE. AND SAY! WHY ARE THEY LIKE AN ACTOR WHO LIKES HIS JOB? BECAUSE THEY'RE STUCK ON THE BOARDS—AND—"

"SAY! LOOK HERE! WHY ARE YOU LIKE AN ACTOR WHO HAS JUST GOT HIS CUE?"

"GIVE IT UP."

"WELL, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS."



"Not the slightest. That's the beauty about these machines. If you get lost, you can cover so much ground that you can always get home."

They were coming to a hill.

Von Blumer smiled gaily.

"Now I'll show you," he said, "how the Roadrun takes a hill. Have you ever seen a fly going upon a wall? Well, that's just the way this machine acts."

They went forward with a scurry and a whir. Then as the celebrated Roadrun felt the elevation, it gradually slowed down.

"Now watch!" chuckled Von Blumer. "Here goes for the hill climber."

He turned back the lever, and brought it forward again.

The machine gave a series of bronchial snorts—evidently snorts of displeasure. There were a few gasps and then—silence.

Mrs. Von Blumer grasped her husband's arm.

"We are backing down hill," she cried.

"We've lost the power," said Von Blumer, as he gazed fearfully behind, still, however, retaining his presence of mind. "Don't worry," he added. "Here goes for the brakes."

He jammed down first the foot brake and then the emergency brake. But for some reason, unknown even to Von Blumer's mechanical and logical intellect, the auto resented the intrusion of a brake. As long as it couldn't go forward, it was bound to go backward. And every instant it gathered impetus.

Von Blumer, in the space of thirty seconds, began to get a first-class idea of his past life.

Suddenly a man came out of a house and shouted at him:

"Back your machine in here—in here!"

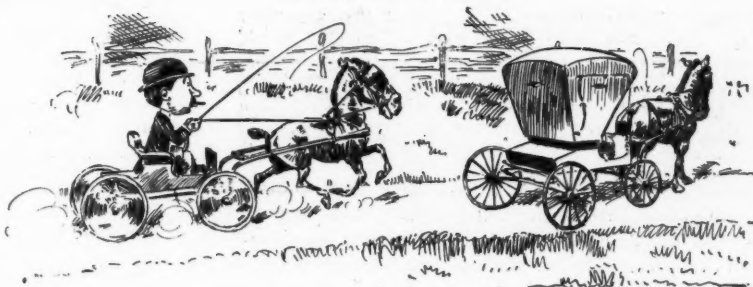
Von Blumer obeyed mechanically. The auto flew down over the curb and over the sidewalk into the man's front lawn. Mrs. Von Blumer sprang out.

"I'll never ride in that thing again as long as I live," she sobbed.

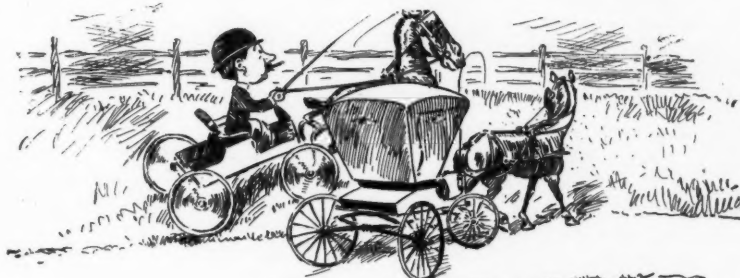
Von Blumer, experiencing that revulsion of feeling that sometimes comes after a crisis, jumped down and faced her.

"Nor I," he exclaimed. "I'll sell

ANOTHER SORT OF WARE



Speeder (after shouting): GRACIOUS! SOMEBODY IS DEAF OR DEAD IN THAT BUGGY.



Speeder: IT'S TAKE THE BANK OR LOSE A WHEEL.



N.S. DADGLEY  
1904

EXPLAINED.

the blamed thing for thirty cents. Darling, I'm an ass. I've had the fever and I'm over it. Horses for me."

Regardless of their savior, they embraced.

And then, as if by mutual impulse, they turned to the quiet, amused man, who looked at them with a fatherly eye. It was Caterby.

Von Blumer gazed at his neighbor in grim astonishment.

"Where did you drop from?" he ex-

claimed. "We must at least be two hundred miles from home."

Caterby smiled a large, charitable smile and waved his hand at the house next door.

"I told you how it would be," he said. "Why, in one of those instruments of the devil you can't even keep track of yourself. You've been going around in a circle. Don't you see that's your house, and this is my house?"

T. M.

## THE LATEST BOOKS

**D**URING the past few years there have been many attempts to extract the full fictional value from that form of financial, political and social activity generically known as "Western." Of these attempts the most typical have lacked finish and balance, but have quickened our appreciation of the possibilities of the theme. Francis Lynde now offers us a story, *The Grafters*, which is strong where its predecessors have been weak, while retaining the strength which they attained. Taken by and long, *The Grafters* should please more American readers than any book of the year.

Mr. Rush C. Hawkins, the author of *Our Political Degradation*, seems to be suffering from aggravated political pessimism and a rush of words to the pen. Goodness knows, we have our share of political degradation, but as a guide to the political slums, Mr. Hawkins leaves much to be desired. He is a master of involuted invective and ob-jurgatory verbal fireworks, but he is neither a sociologist, a consecutive thinker nor a lucid writer.

It may seem odd that one of the best pictures of the Pennsylvania Dutch which has ever been drawn should be characterized by lightness of touch and a nice appreciation of sentiment, yet these are the marked characteristics of Helen Reimensnyder Martin's *Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*. The story is very simple and altogether charming. It embodies much of the true inwardness of Lancaster County, and its humor loses nothing by its apparent unconsciousness.

The standard recipe for making preserves calls for a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. In her *Kings and Queens I Have Known*, Helene Vacaresco has used at least five pounds of sugar to each pound of royalty. The result is a sort of *majestés glacés*—a most cloying variety of confiture.

*The Crossing*, Winston Churchill's centennial tribute to that expansive phase of our history which culminated in the purchase of Louisiana, is neither a romance, a history, nor a historical romance. It is a long and comprehensive but, on the whole, an interesting and successful hybrid. It gives a vivid running description of events and conditions in North Carolina, Kentucky and New Orleans during a period of thirty years, veiled by a thin but sufficient cloak of fiction.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, to judge from his recent work, is running on his momentum. In automobile language, he is "coasting," though whether he has temporarily shut off the power to cool the engine, or whether the gasoline has given out, is not apparent. After reading his new volume of Southern stories, *Bred in the Bone*, one inclines to the latter opinion.

A serviceable résumé of the conflicting folk-lore and legendary sources of the German epic and the Wagner operas is found in W. C. Sawyer's *Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring*. The volume includes an essay by Professor Schultze, a translation of William Wagner's prose version of the epic, and a comparative argument of Richard Wagner's music drama.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Grafters*. By Francis Lynde. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*Our Political Degradation*. By Rush C. Hawkins. (The Grafton Press.)  
*Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*. By Helen R. Martin. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

*Kings and Queens I Have Known*. By Helene Vacaresco. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

*The Crossing*. By Winston Churchill. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Bred in the Bone*. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Teutonic Legends*. By W. C. Sawyer. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00.)

### Modern Love.

**H**E bent over her in all the fullness and richness of his newly developed passion. They had met but a short time before, and had been mutually attracted by each other.

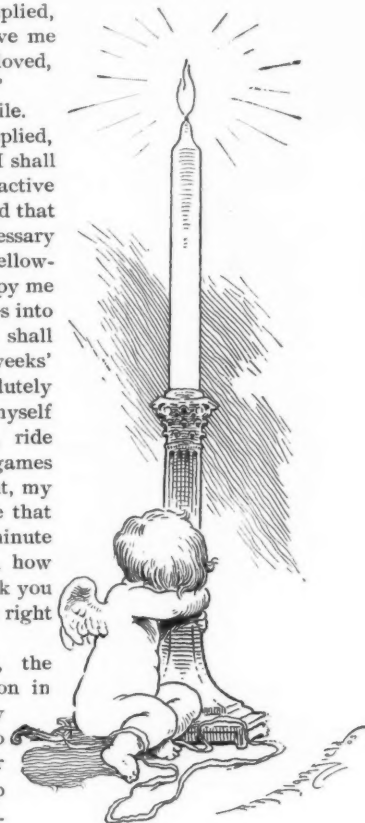
"I love you," he said, "in the real, true, old-fashioned, simple way. I ask for nothing but to look into your eyes and feel that you are true to me."

"But do you feel," she replied, "that you will be able to love me as a woman ought to be loved, even in these modern days?"

He smiled a reassuring smile.

"Yes, darling," he replied, "hearts are ever the same. I shall continue, of course, to be an active member of my clubs, as I find that the associations there are necessary to keep in touch with my fellow-men. My business will occupy me during the day and sometimes into the night. Occasionally I shall have to get away for a few weeks' vacation, and it will be absolutely necessary, in order to keep myself in condition, to play golf, ride horseback, and a few other games of which I am a devotee. But, my own heart's darling, the time that is left is all yours—every minute of it. And now let me ask, how is it with you? Do you think you will be able to love me in the right way?"

"Assuredly," she replied, the light of a supreme devotion in her eyes. "I, too, have my clubs which it would not do for me to neglect, as their awakening influences keep me in trim to be a com-





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THE SIRENS.  
ANOTHER VICTIM.

panion to you. Then I shall have to keep up my wardrobe, which requires constant attention. I am also writing a historical novel, which I hope will be dramatized, and I hope to make my social life a grand success, besides giving up as much time as possible to getting rid of our church debt. But aside from these things, dearest, I am utterly and completely yours."

And they embraced in the old-fashioned way.

#### Type.

**W**HEN the London correspondents, in close touch with ultimate authority, write home that Roosevelt is the typical American, one dare not doubt, and yet one does not escape a certain bewilderment.

Wherein is Roosevelt typical?

In that he digests his own food? Or walks thirty miles for fun? Or takes himself too seriously? Or would rather

be right than President? Or is out of patience when he sees his picture in the papers? Or is larger about the chest than about the waist?

It is not easy to get out of the way of voting Roosevelt extraordinary.

And still, the London correspondents cannot be wrong.

Possibly it is because of his having written so many books on so many subjects.

"**O**LD Mrs. Grum hasn't been in such good health in years."

"Why, I never heard her complain more!"

"True. But she has more energy."

"**M**AUD, that little boy next door swears like a trooper. I hope you don't play with him."

"No, mother; not now. He's taught me all he knew."

#### Logical.

**G**REAT AMERICAN EDITOR: Are you sure there is nothing in this story of yours that might conflict with the interests of our advertisers?

CONTRIBUTOR: Absolutely nothing.

"Nothing that could possibly offend our readers?"

"No, sir."

"You know I'm working on a salary. Have you written it with due regard to the prejudices of the owners of the magazine?"

"I have. Not only that, but I have endeavored to suppress myself, and written something that might please you."

"Good. You wish to sign it, I presume."

"Certainly. Sign it with the names of your oldest subscribers, your best advertisers, the owners and yourself."





GOIN' FISHING.

If you're wakin in the morning, call me early,  
mother, dear,  
For Peanuts Fink and Spider Brown and Bricktop  
will be here,  
And we know where the fishes swim and where the  
shade is cool,  
And where's a dandy diving place beside the swim-  
ming pool.

I've brung the kindlings in, mother, you wanted me  
to chop;  
I've filled the woodbox till the wood is spilling o'er  
the top;  
I've curried all the horses as my father bade me do;  
I've milked the cows, and slopped the pigs, and fed  
the chickens, too.

I've weeded out the onion bed and banked the celery,  
And I've transplanted cabbage plants and propped  
the apple tree,  
And I have salted all the sheep and fixed the chicken  
coop,  
And run all the errands, mother, till I felt my spirits  
droop.

So, if you're waking early, call me early, mother,  
dear,  
For I know where the graylings play and where the  
pools are clear,  
And I've dug all the worms I want and cut an alder  
pole,  
And corks will bob to-morrow morn in that old fishin'  
hole.

—J. M. Lewis, in *Houston Post*.

MARRIED.

The following graphic account of a wedding  
which took place recently in a town in Kansas is  
given in the local paper:

Married—At the home of the bride's parents,  
three and one-half miles west of Altamont, Mr. and  
Mrs. George R. Greer, their only daughter, Miss  
Pearl, to C. C. Carson, of Wilsonton, Kan., on  
Wednesday, at 6 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Rulson, of  
Mound Valley, at early candle-light, while the wed-  
ding march was being played by Miss Edith Olson, of  
Angola, the groom, a fine and well-behaved young



"IF I COULD ONLY RUN ACROSS A NICE FAT MILLINER."

man, dressed in a blue-black, all-wool suit, and the  
bride, a lady loved and respected by all, dressed in  
light-blue cashmere trimmed in white, marched down  
stairs from single life into married blessedness. After  
the ceremony a bounteous supper was served. They  
will reside on their farm, near Timber Hill, in the  
oil and gas region. Her many friends lose a very  
dear girl, but our loss is Charlie's gain. Among the  
presents were the following: Mr. and Mrs. George  
Greer, a cow and a set of chairs; Julius Johnson,  
china teapot; Mr. and Mrs. George Hoke, pair of

towels; Grandpa Greer, wash-bowl and pitcher; Grand-  
ma Wilson, a handkerchief; Samuel Greer, big rock-  
ing-chair; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson, mush set;  
Charlie and Frank Johnson, mustard dish; Mr. and  
Mrs. Tratchell, lovely fruit picture; Mr. and Mrs.  
Wilson Hunt, rug; Wintress Johnson, toothpick hold-  
er.—*Harper's Weekly*.

*The Winchester (Ky.) Democrat's* society column con-  
tains interesting intelligence concerning a distinguished  
family:

"L. G. Pigg and wife visited near Mount Sterling Satur-  
day and Sunday.

"John Pigg and family visited relatives at Rabbittown  
last Saturday and Sunday.

"Cora, little daughter of Tighlman Pigg, has been  
suffering with a stone bruise on her foot.

"Mr. Lewis Pigg and family are visiting in Montgomery  
County this week."

"THE late queen of love and beauty of the Joplin (Mo.)  
carnival has acted within her rights and privileges," de-  
clares *The Chicago Evening Post*, "in bringing a suit for  
damages against the maid of honor who blacked her eyes  
during that gala period in an animated dispute touching  
certain matters of court etiquette. We admit that we are  
not perfectly conversant with the customary conduct of  
queens and maids of honor in countries other than our own,  
but we are quite sure that hereabout the eyes of a queen of  
love and beauty are inviolate and may not be blacked by any  
woman who pretends to occupy the position of a perfect  
lady. Of course these matters are a part of states' rights,  
and we cannot answer for the prevailing rule in Missouri;  
still we are pretty sure that a queen in Joplin is entitled to  
every consideration, and that her person must be respected  
by her court attendants. In any event we think this offend-  
ing maid is getting off with small punishment. What does  
she think would have happened in King Arthur's day if the  
lily maid of Astolat had swiped Guenevere across the face?"

HE: At what time in a girl's life should she be en-  
gaged?

SHE: Just before she is married.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News  
Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

# WILSON WHISKEY

## That's All!

"But They Always Break"



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What do we know without trial?

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

The Perfect Whiskey has stood every test. Between  
good and bad, trial is the test and taste the umpire.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.  
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# Milo

## Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

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**AROMATIC DELICACY—  
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LIFE

# WINCHESTER



## BIG BORE HIGH POWER RIFLES

Any experienced hunter will tell you that the Winchester .405 and .35 caliber Model 1895 Rifles are the most powerful made. The Winchester Smokeless powder cartridges which they shoot have heavy mushrooming bullets, making them particularly effective against big game. Winchester rifles and Winchester cartridges—each made for the other—are indispensable to all successful hunters.

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# Evans' Ale

118 Years of

Purity

Progress

Popularity



That means something!

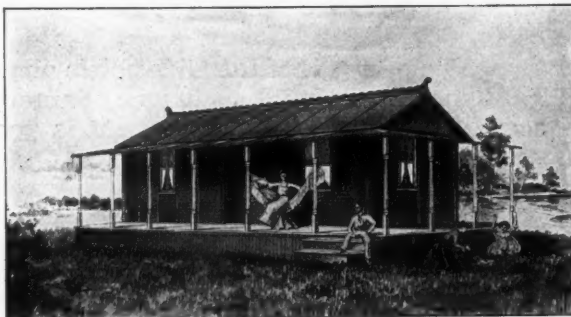
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NO CARPENTERS. NO WORRY.  
Everything fits. Anyone can erect them.  
WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Write today for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price at once.  
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## TWO GRAVURE REPRODUCTIONS.



Dorothy

Each Three-Quarters Life-Size.

By  
C. ALLAN GILBERT.

\$1.50 each.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.,  
17 West 31st St., New York.



Viola

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THE DRY CHEMICAL  
**Fire Extinguisher**

Monarch Fire Appliance Co. of N. Y. Proprietors.  
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Washington, D. C. 219 14th St., N. W.  
San Francisco, Cal., 451 Mission St.  
Sent anywhere on receipt of three dollars.



THE NEW ROAD TO THE HEIGHTS.  
The heights by great men scaled and grabbed  
Came not by oratory's flight;  
But they, while their companions gabbed,  
Were keeping mum with all their might.

—Pittsburg Gazette.

"Do you believe that the rich are constantly getting richer?"

"I used to," answered the New York tax collector, "until I observed the figures submitted from year to year by some of these multimillionaires."

—Washington Star.

TEACHER: Now who can tell me why the Puritans came to this country?

SMALL MEMBER OF HISTORY CLASS: I can, teacher. They came to purify their blood.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. Booklet.

"You can't do two things successfully at the same time."

"I did."

"What did you do?"

"Spent my money and my vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A REMARKABLE instance of a dog's love of home is reported from Cromlegh, Dunblane, Perthshire. A collie dog was given to Mr. Hunter, of Herriotshall, Berwickshire, by his brother-in-law, Mr. Gilholm, of Cromlegh, and was sent by train to the borderland. The animal worked among the sheep for two days and then suddenly disappeared. It afterward turned up at its old home, having done the seventy-mile journey in forty hours.—London Telegraph.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

TEACHER was explaining the meaning of the word recuperate. "Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day, he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes'm."

"Then when night comes, and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BRIGGS: What is the height of happiness?

GRIGGS: A back piazza, a pretty girl and a Fonseca cigar

THOUGHTFUL.

Gen. "Joe" Wheeler relates the following amusing incident that took place during the night of the El Caney affair:

"Gen. Lawton's division was marching back to El Poso, there to take up a new position in the morning. The general, in company with Major Creighton Webb, inspector-general of his staff, was standing at the edge of the road, watching his troops file past. Just as dawn was breaking the colored troops came in sight. They gave evidence of being dead tired, but were nevertheless full of 'ginger.'"

"Gen. Lawton's attention was attracted to a certain corporal of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, a great six-foot negro, who, in addition to a couple of guns and two cartridge belts, loaded full, was carrying a dog. The soldier to whom the other gun belonged was limping alongside his comrade.

"The general halted the men. 'Here, corporal,' said he to the six-foot man, 'didn't you march all last night?'

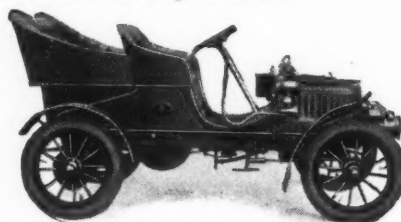
"Yes, sir," responded the negro, saluting.

# Another American Invasion



The progress of the Oldsmobile abroad has been a continual triumph. It has led the advance of automobiles into remote corners of the earth. Everywhere it is recognized as the world's standard runabout—the best thing on wheels.

Oldsmobile  
Standard Runabout  
Price \$650



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Years of successful experience and the largest factory facilities in the world devoted exclusively to the making of automobiles, have enabled us to produce machines by the thousands where others produce by the hundreds and to attain the maximum of perfection at the minimum of cost to the purchaser.

Our nearest sales agent will gladly furnish you full particulars regarding our 1904 cars, or write direct to Dept. J.

## Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

"And fought all day?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You have, besides, been marching since ten o'clock last night?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Then," said Lawton, "why on earth are you carrying that dog?"  
"Well, General," replied the negro, showing his white teeth in a broad grin, "the dog's tired!" —Woman's Home Companion.

A FRIEND of Philip Verrill Mighels, author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," tells this story of him. Mr.

Mighels was in London at the time, and one morning he informed Mrs. Mighels that he had several errands, and would not be back for some hours. He was going to see a lawyer, a doctor, and a literary agent, and after his business was attended to, he would gratify an old wish of his and go to see Goldsmith's grave. After a very brief period, to Mrs. Mighels's surprise, he returned.

"Why," exclaimed his wife, "how did you accomplish so much in such a short time?"

"Because," said Mr. Mighels, "the lawyer, the doctor and the literary agent were all out. The only one in was Goldsmith." —Argonaut.



### Cat's Curious Ride.

IN the general offices of the Detroit Southern Railway, in Springfield, O., is a much petted tom cat that formerly resided in Detroit.

Tom is a veritable feline hobo. Just as train No. 2 was about to pull out of the Detroit station a few days ago, Tom appeared, carrying a mouse between his teeth, as though provisioned for a journey. He disappeared under a car and was forgotten. When the train reached Lima, O., one hundred and fifty-six miles from Detroit, strange sounds attracted the crew to the front part of the train. It was Thomas, calling for a drink. Seated upon a truck, he had ridden the entire distance from Detroit.

In vain did the trainmen coax the little traveler to come off his perch. He simply drew himself together and spat at them. Meantime several passengers had alighted to see what was the matter, and Thomas finally condescended to accept an invitation to accompany a gentleman who rode in a parlor car. With deliberate caution he climbed down from the truck, bringing with him the remains of his larder—the half eaten body of a mouse.

In the parlor car Thomas curled himself up in a cushioned chair, washed his grimy face and went to sleep. Conductor William Lockard insists that the intelligent beast planned the journey, bringing the mouse along for lunch. Thomas is a fine Maltese, and has found a home in the company's offices.—*Detroit News*.

A FEW years ago a well-known lawyer remitted, in settlement of an account to the publisher of a paper in the West, a two-dollar bill, which was returned with the brief statement:

"This note is counterfeit; please send another."

Two months passed before hearing from the lawyer again, when he apologized for the delay, saying:

"I have been unable until now to find another counterfeit two-dollar bill, but hope the one now inclosed will suit, professing at the same time, my inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which I thought as good a counterfeit as I ever saw."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

MR. PETT RIDGE told an excellent baby story at the ladies' summer dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club. A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor Square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw.

"What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied, "The lady who lives in that house, my dear, has had a little baby girl sent her." The child walked along for a few yards, and then, turning back and nodding at the straw, said: "Awfully well packed, ma!"

—*St. James's Gazette*.

## A Clean Sweep for Pope Toledo



THE stock model 24 H. P. Pope-Toledo touring car (price \$3,500) as it appears stripped in the hill climbing contests at Minneapolis, June 12th. *The Minneapolis Tribune* of that date says: "It was distinctly a Pope-Toledo day. This make of machine carried off first, second and third honors in class one, as well as first place in the free-for-all class. In fact, the Pope-Toledo covered the distance in the remarkable time of 51 seconds in class one, and in 51 4-5 seconds in class six, which was about one-half the time it took any other make of machine to go over the course."

At Indianapolis, on June 11th, the Pope-Toledo won the touring car race, carrying four passengers five miles. The second mile was made in 1:21 2-5, the most remarkable record ever made on a circular track by a touring car fully equipped. This is the same model that has made a mile a minute on the road.

These are automobiles for all seasons of the year, and are being compared with foreign cars that cost from \$8,000 to \$12,000.

Buy now and enjoy the late summer and autumn riding.

Complete catalogue and full details of these contests sent upon request.

### Pope Motor Car Co.

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## ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

WE CLAIM THAT

OLD CROW RYE IS BEST—BECAUSE

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.

It is sold straight. It brings the distiller far more price than any other made in the United States. It is hand made, sour mash, and has the best reputation. Our Scotch Whiskies are true Glenlivets; are sold straight. The Souvenir is old. The Bonnie Brier Bush is very old.



VEGETARIANISM AND VICE.

If men would swear off eating beef,  
'Tis easy to foresee  
The "Tenderloin" would come to grief  
And "joints" would cease to be.

—The Whim.

THIS story is told of a Washington school principal who was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence:

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday, in accordance with his plan, the teacher interrogated his class on the subject of the buttons.

"Now, Johnnie," he said to the youngest member, "produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for." Whereupon the youngster began to weep.

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A POLITICIAN, upon his arrival at one of the small towns in North Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, found that the two so-called hotels were crowded to the doors.

Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could.

He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining-room in the morning, "how did you sleep?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman, nonchalantly, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."—*Youth's Companion*.

PARKE: Anyone with you to keep you from being lonesome while your family was in the country?  
LANE: Nobody but a box of Fonseca's cigars.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard, is very popular with the more intelligent and studious of the undergraduates. When these young men, however, make rash or bold or unbecoming assertions, he does not hesitate to take them down. Not long ago, a sophomore aired some rather atheistical views before Professor James. "You," the latter said, "are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe—haw—what I can understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.—*Argonaut*.

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

"Well, there's one good thing about it; it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

A POPULAR author, who has lately turned to playwriting, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions. Not long ago, thinking to get some useful pointers from the current drama, he made an observation tour of the theatres.

"Well," he remarked to a friend at the end of the evening, "I seem to be the only man alive who can't get a poor play put on."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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"Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour  
When pleasure, like the midnight  
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Begins to bloom."

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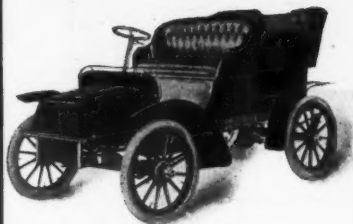


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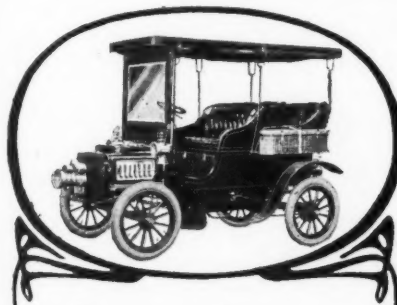


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### Lines on a Fool Friend.

**I** PITY him; I'm sure he's quite  
A well-intentioned, honest man,  
Who always does the best he can  
According to his little light.

He has his points, there is no doubt.  
I know, who am a friend of his;  
But for a mere acquaintance 'tis  
Most difficult to find them out.

I know that I have always said  
His heart was in the proper place.  
Unfortunately, in his case,  
He's rather muddled in his head.

I like to think of him as one  
Who, having little sense to spare,  
Was still entirely unaware,  
There was a cartridge in the gun.

And who to the serrated wheel,  
Attracted by its cheerful hum,  
Will ever push a heedless thumb,  
The keenness of its edge to feel.

I think he's been misunderstood,  
He doesn't mean to be a crass  
And most unmitigated ass—  
He would do better if he could.

I would not prejudice you, though.  
I would not say a thing unkind,  
For you must always bear in mind  
He means well—but he doesn't know.  
—Chicago News.

### Cats Fear This Robin.

**A** PAIR of robins have made their home and raised broods of young for several years on the premises of Mrs. Haight, at Thirteenth and Salmon Streets, and appear to have come to the conclusion that they own the property. The female is at present sitting on some eggs and her mate is making himself busy protecting her.

Cats which stray on the premises are fiercely attacked by the bold bird and driven off. Even children making themselves too prominent about the cherry tree in which the nest is are threatened by the bird, which pounces down as if to peck their eyes and causes them to "throw up their hands" and move away. A cat belonging to the family enticed its flock of kittens outdoors to gambol in the sunshine yesterday, and the old robin, seeing danger ahead for the young robins when they might leave the nest, dashed down among the kittens and pecked and mauled them till they yelled bloody murder. When the old cat came running to protect them, the robin dashed violently in her face and seizing a tuft of fur over one eye, tore it out, leaving a bare spot as large as a dime.

This daring bird is not one of the old-fashioned robin redbreasts so often mentioned by poets, but a genuine Oregon robin, with a long, strong and sharp bill and the energy and daring of a hawk. Cats will do well to keep away from the premises until the young robins are able to fly away.—The Portland Oregonian.



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### The Dog Nursed the Cat.

THE following interesting incident of the establishment of friendly relations between a cat and a dog occurred just as it is related. There are a number of credible witnesses, still living, who can vouch for its authenticity.

Several years ago in a small village in central Ohio lived a widow and her family of three small children. Among the few possessions of this family were a small dog and a cat. The dog was a general favorite in the neighborhood, but the cat was as generally disliked, especially by the older people, because of her fondness for young chickens. Frequent and earnest were the threats of vengeance for her depredations.

The dog, whose name was Spry, shared in full measure the dislike of the neighbors for the cat, and every meal-time was battle-time as well between him and his fellow lodger. They could never be taught to eat together or at the same time without fighting, until at length misfortune overtook pussy.

One night, when she was out on one of her forays, she got one of her legs fast in a steel trap. The bone was broken, so that when she returned home the next day the leg was hanging limp and useless. The cat betook herself to her favorite retreat under the house, which she reached through a hole in the foundation.

At noontime, when Spry was fed, pussy came out for her portion, and since she was unable to defend herself with her accustomed vigor, Spry easily seized her by the nape of the neck and carried her back under the house. He then returned to his plate, and choosing some of the daintiest pieces, and those which he himself no doubt liked best, he carried them under the house and gave them to the cat, until pussy's appetite was satisfied. Spry then came back and ate the remainder himself.

This performance was repeated three times a day till the cat recovered, except that after two or three days puss ceased to come out, although Spry never forgot to feed her on the best food he had.

After the recovery of puss the two never again quarreled, but to the day of his death Spry would not permit another cat to stay round the house.—*Youth's Companion.*

A LECTURER, who had a very fine lecture on "The Decadence of Pure English," gave his address before a woman's club.

At the close of the talk, a very much overdressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decaying awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."—*Kansas City Independent.*



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### An Unofficial Transaction.

A YOUNG man entered a savings bank in Chicago recently and handed the paying teller his book, on which appeared a credit of one hundred and sixty dollars.

"I'd like to draw it all out," he said. The teller looked the pages over carefully.

"What was that forty-five dollars you deposited yesterday?" he asked.

"Two New York checks."

"Sorry, then, but I can't pay that till the checks come back—in about two days more. I can give you the hundred and fifteen, though."

"But I've got to have it all. I've just been ordered to Portland, Oregon, and I must go to-day. I didn't know it yesterday, or I wouldn't have made that deposit. I absolutely must have that money to-day."

"I'm sorry for you," said the teller, "but I have no option. You may be honest, but you must understand that that is a very old game which has been tried on us time and again. The checks from New York may be worthless. We must have security till return on them is made."

Argument did no good, and the young man, angry and disappointed, pocketed without counting the hundred and fifteen dollars which the teller handed him. Two hours later he counted the bills in a ticket office and found that he had fifty dollars too much. The teller, while talking, had put down a fifty-dollar bill, and absent-mindedly counted one hundred and fifteen in fives and tens upon it. The young man went directly back to the bank.

"As I understand it," he said to the teller, "you allow I may be honest, but you can't risk forty-five dollars on it?"

"That is the case exactly."

"Please count that pile of bills and compare it with the book. That is just as you gave it to me."

The teller started to say that he could not rectify mistakes after the depositor had left the bank, but changed his mind and counted the bills. He looked the depositor, then slipping the fifty-dollar bill in the drawer, counted out forty-five in fives, and put it out through the slide.

"Officially," he said, "I suspect you of playing a very old game on this bank. But personally I reckon you are all right. There's your money."—*Youth's Companion*.

A POLICEMAN, with a more than usually broad and expansive sole, had just passed a little terrace house, with a bit of garden in front and a couple of saucy women at the window, when a little boy ran after him.

"Hullo, kiddy!" said the copper Lothario genially, thinking there might be an opening, "want to know the time, ask a policeman, eh?"

"No," said the kid, with a glance round to see that his retreat was open, "mother sent me out to ask if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two; it's just been gravelled, and we ain't got a roller."

—*Sporting Times*.

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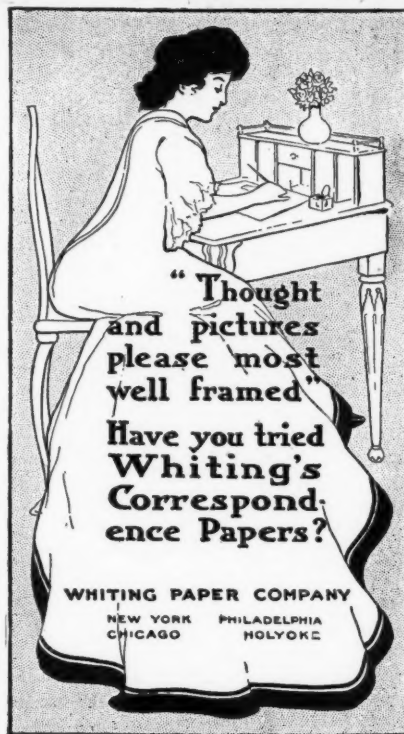


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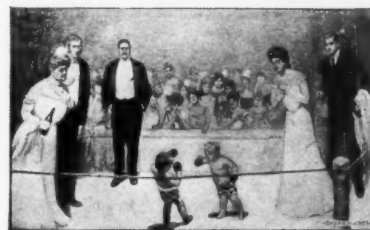
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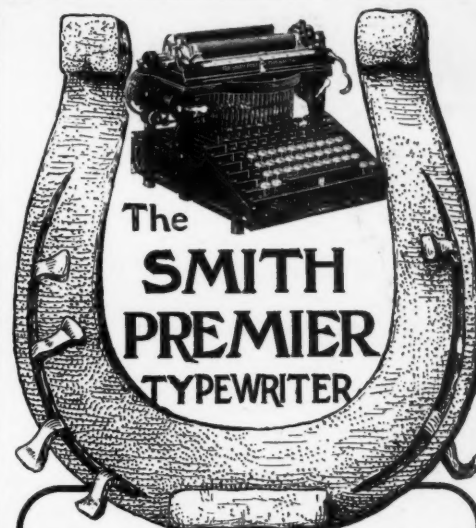
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